

The Miner.

J. H. MASON, Editor.

There is not a town, village, military post, farming or mining settlement in Arizona in which the MINER does not circulate, and copies of it sent to every State and Territory of the Union; which, coupled with its age and standing, make it a very desirable advertising medium.

Contractors.—We were not in very good health previous to the recent letting of Government contracts and the results of that event have not tended to improve us. Most all of the bidders "went it blind," regardless of their own or the Territory's interest. The prices are low, very low, depressingly and disgustingly low. Not one contractor will be able to make anything like decent profit by his contracting business; the farmer, freighter, almost all classes of our population are poorer for another year, and, unless we shall succeed in bringing capital and people here, to work mines, etc., and so create a new demand for our farming products, the future will come upon us with crushing weight.

Prayers should be offered up, all over the Territory, by all true friends of Arizona, for the "breaking up in business" of every man who has in any way aided to inaugurate the reign of such prices of grain, transportation, etc., in a country whose storekeepers cannot afford to sell goods used and consumed by people at less than treble their cost in California, where, notwithstanding this fact, grain is, to-day, worth more than it is in Arizona.

Now that the merchants and business men of San Francisco, New Orleans, and other cities are petitioning Congress to aid the Texas Pacific railroad company, many Arizonians are joyfully proclaiming their belief that Congress will enable the company to build and equip the much needed road and to relieve our country from high prices, Indian wars, isolation, etc., etc.

The party recently given by Col. Jas. Nelson and his estimable wife, at their residence, headquarters Hill, was, in every way a success. Many citizens from Prescott and other parts of the Territory were in attendance. In this connection, we take pleasure in stating that Col. Nelson has, for about five years, paid troops in this Territory, and, in doing so, has undergone much hardship and many times great personal danger from Indian and Mexican robbers and murderers, of that well as he is known in Arizona, he is without an enemy in or out of the Army.

G. W. Hance, having secured contracts out which he expects to make a little money, is shown his liberality and love of "literature" by subscribing for a copy of the Daily Miner, after which he expects to ride about miles two or three times a week, his horse—the Cienega—being about five miles out of the place where the new road is to be laid, the old one, at which place he will put up a box, in which parties passing will deposit his mail matter.

Attention.—Persons in need of any article articles under the headings, general merchandise and furniture, will do well to put an appearance at Wormser's old store, to grow at 112 a. m., as J. L. Fisher will then there commence to sell a great many useful and ornamental articles.

Citizens of Kirkland valley (of whom there are quite a number), complain of Mr. Grant's all superintendent, Dr. J. H. Pierson, who, they say, has ordered his mail carriers not to serve the post office at Kirkland. This, he being ordered to do so by the Postmaster-General.

A misunderstanding, which has led to very hard blows and punishment, recently between a still exists between two citizens of the vicinity, who, now that they are about to marry, should forgive and forget.

The Hardyville mail, due here Thursday night, had not arrived at 10 o'clock this forenoon. Some people fear that Indians have something to do with delaying it.

A. Asher & Co., in Wormser's new store, keeping up their reputation for selling goods very cheap. Drop in and see for yourselves.

Frank Abadie arrived in town by last aboard from the West.

Little more snow and hail fell last night.

FAILURE TO CARRY THE MAILS.

After complaints regarding neglect of duty on the part of the mail contractor on the route from Wickenburg to Florence have come to us by letter and word of mouth, and we now call upon the proper authorities to give said contractor the right of an overhauling. By this route, Tucson, Florence and all places east of Florence, Arizona and New Mexico, ought to get mail matter, regularly, and, by it the route of Salt River Valley, in fact all the route of Northern Arizona, ought to have in regular receipt of letters and papers from the south. But it is now, we believe, after three weeks since any mail matter, whatever, has crossed the Gila river at Florence, notwithstanding the fact that this route, almost every day of this long time, crossed the river in a boat at that point.

Many are the vexatious hardships and annoyances forced upon the people living on the sides of the Gila river, by the neglect of the mail-carrier and his agents in their duty. For instance, here is Mr. Ewing, a citizen and business man of Florence, who, upon learning that a certain pack, containing proposals for furnishing government supplies and important letters, had been forwarded to this place, was at Florence, with but little prospect of reaching its destination, nothing was left him to do but to procure a conveyance of the pack and start for Prescott, arriving here three days ago, at the expense of time and money which would have been saved him had the servants of the Postoffice department performed their duty.

Makepeace, of this town, has favored the files of Indiana and Ohio papers.

[From Thursday's Daily.]

We wish that Congressmen who are making raids upon our very small regular Army, and belittling the hard work troops in active service on the frontier have to perform, would cast their eyes Californiawards, where the brigand Vasquez and his few followers have, for months, murdered and robbed with impunity, and maneuvered in such a way as to prevent both State and county governments from chastising or capturing him or his gang.

Newspapers, too, like the San Francisco Chronicle, which have recently "flopped" from a sickening advocacy and puffery of the "loyal boys in blue," to jeer at and malign them, had better take in their signs, as advocates of the exploration and development of the West, since were it not for the Army, but few "brave spirits" would be found to beard the Indian lion in his den.

The MINER objects—has always objected—to "fashionable" soldiering in the Eastern States, when almost our entire little army was and is badly needed in the Indian country to give protection to citizens and explore the wilderness, and, although it is now "fashionable" to follow the lead of sore-headed Senators and Congressmen, in denouncing the Army, it cannot, will not, be a wolf in such a pack of howlers, who have raised a hue and cry against the Army in order to withdraw public attention from larger leaks and grabs in other departments of Government than Army chiefs ever dreamed of.

The fact is, our Army, considering the size of the country and the work demanded of it, is about like a female cook endeavoring to do the work of a full crew on a Mississippi raft. If one wants chickens one must have eggs to hatch from; so, in like manner, should our country need more soldiers, she must have more squads than awkward ones.

Remons.—The talk is that, after the close of the present contract for carrying U. S. mail matter on the route between San Bernardino, Cal., and Prescott, the present contractor, Mr. James Grant, will have nothing to do with the line, and that it will be operated by his son-in-law, Dr. J. H. Pierson, who, people say, is and will be interested with Mr. Van Duzen, the published successful bidder.

Our people do not hope for much from the new firm,—no, not even for as much, in the way of public accommodation as has been afforded by the present "lay-out," but, we have made it a point not to borrow trouble and shall hope for better things; aye, for the sight of a stage coach once in awhile, just to put us in mind of more civilized vehicles and countries.

Persons who bid a little higher than Mr. Van Duzen are confident they "smell a mice," or two "mices," and may prospect with a view to the discovery of fraud in making the award, but such prospecting is always, or, at least, quite frequent, barren of good for the prospector.

Others say that the sum, per annum, will just about pay for running one-horse or mule carts, and not enable the contractor or contractors to even splurge on a donkey.

Oh, my countrymen, let us kill a few contractors and would-be contractors.

But, pause, forgive us, dear reader, we started in to say that there's a rumor to the effect that the present contractor, Mr. Grant, is about to start a National Bank at San Bernardino. Should this rumor prove true, then will all our people claim, truly, there is some virtue and cash, in backboards, for the man who runs them, if not for the poor devils who are and have been forced to ride all over them.

NEW DAILY.—The first number of the "Daily Morning Argus" came to us Monday last, from San Bernardino, California, bearing the imprint of W. H. Gould & Co., the Co. part being no less a personage than W. H. Meacham, a former employee of the MINER. The Argus is, in size, a little greater than the MINER, is creditably printed and pretty well flavored with reading matter,—both local and miscellaneous. Last, but not least, it has a fine display of advertisements.

We, of course, thumb our heads in prayer for the success of the Daily Argus.

It is a good idea of the military authorities here to ask Congress to pass some sort of an act for the punishment of persons who may tamper with the military telegraph lines in this Territory. Only a few weeks ago, near San Diego, California, a man was caught in the act of cutting down poles. Yesterday's dispatches refer to this matter.

The Republican, of Springfield (Mass.), says there are eight departments in the Government, and is of the opinion that the Navy and Interior departments ought to be mere bureaus in the War department. We think so, too. Again, it would wipe out the department of agriculture.

Southern Arizonians and all others who may need drugs and medicines will find George Martin, of Yuma, the very person from whom to purchase. An honest, capable man, good citizen and regular druggist, he deserves well of his fellow-citizens, especially on account of the fact that his home is in Arizona and has been for twenty years.

Mr. J. D. Cusenberry, agent of the Vulture mining Company, was, a short time ago, at San Francisco, on his way, we suppose, to the Territory. A person who met him there was not pleased with the prospect ahead of the company's creditors, for speedy payment of the pitiable 20 per cent.

Delegate Elkins of New Mexico, has a bill before Congress asking that body to appropriate \$50,000 to build a military telegraph line from Santa Fe to Tucson.

A young lady, at Truckee, California, who wished to get over six feet of soft snow in order to reach a passenger train, had a sheet made into a sack, entered the sack and slid down hill, just as easy as rolling off a log.

Dr. T. J. Wilson and family have just got to Maryville, in this Territory, from California, at which place they intend to reside, permanently.

[From Wednesday's Daily.]

FIGHTFUL CONDITION OF THE APACHES IN ARIZONA—PROPOSALS FOR THEIR REMOVAL.

Washington, February 20.—Dr. J. A. Tonner, a special commissioner of the Indian Department, has written a letter from Prescott to Commissioner Smith, giving a detailed account of the condition of the Apaches on the Verde reservation, Arizona. From his account it seems that the military officers are making good Indians very fast, and that the Apaches are traveling to the happy hunting ground as fast as disease and bullets can send them. He reports that in July last there were 1,000 Indians on the reservation. Now there are only 880 left. All the others have died or fled to the mountains, preferring death there by warfare to death in disease on the reservation. The Apache Yumas have been reduced from 641 to 252, and the Apache Mojaves from 305 to 300, and the Tonos from 960 to 222. There has been no complaint on account of food or treatment from those who have left the reservation, and there has been no depredations or murders committed by them since they have gone. The troops believe them in the mountains and have killed many of them. Two scouting parties are now in the field. None of the deserters, however, have returned, and will not go to that reservation, which is very sickly. Dr. Tonner recommends the removal of the Apache-Yumas and Apache-Mojaves to the Colorado River reservation, where the climate is healthy, where there is an abundance of good land, and where the cost of supplies is much less than at any other reservation in the Territory. He recommends the removing of the Tonos to the White Mountains, where there is an abundance of uncultivated lands. General Crook objects to these recommendations, lest the Apache and Mojaves might think they had gained a point, inasmuch as they returned to the Colorado River reservation in defiance of orders. Dr. Tonner thinks they have been sufficiently punished, and he says he will insure their good behavior. General Crook also objects to the removal of the Tonos to the White Mountains, on the ground that they are not friendly with the White Mountain Indians. Dr. Tonner says he is assured that there would be no trouble, and demands a change for himself. General Crook recommends that the Indians be taken to the Colorado River reservation. Dr. Tonner says that if they are not removed, next summer will cause the death of all the rest, and there will be no need of a ditch or an appropriation to construct it. On the Colorado River the Indians can be taken care of at very little cost, and be made self-sustaining very soon.

The MINER dislikes to quarrel with an old friend. Dr. Tonner is an old friend of ours, but friendship to the dogs when a little less than a ton of false statements crop out of the above lying letter, the reading of which has changed our old opinion of Dr. Tonner, upon whom we now look as a second edition of that chief of liars—Vincent Colyer.

As proof that he has not told truths, we advance the following:

The military first forced the Indians spoken of to come on Verde,—a reservation established by Vincent Colyer. The Indian Department said they were ready to feed and otherwise take care of said Indians, but they have not done so, save in the matter of furnishing meat and flour. At the time of coming in, nearly all the Indians were poor in person and almost naked; the nights grew cool, and, the Indian Department not issuing any clothing, the poor Indians suffered until fever and ague took off many of them. Their agent, Dr. Williams, did everything in his power to relieve their sufferings. So did Gen. Crook. So did not Dr. Tonner, who now comes forward with a scheme for the removal of these Indians to a place of safety where himself and set might rob them.

He predicted that Indians who had deserted the reservation would never return alive; but over 1,000 of them have come back and, lately, when informed of Tonner's kind intentions towards them, swore that they would sooner die by inches at Verde—in their own country—under the eyes of Gen. Crook and Indian Agent Williams, than submit to be taken to a strange country and robbed.

They are now the healthiest, best fed and happiest Indians anywhere to be found, and, to prove it, every warrior on the reservation has volunteered to go out and fight Indians who have been petted, robbed and ruined by such agents as Dr. Tonner, a man who, while having the "cheek" to say that he will be responsible for the acts of Indians, would not, dare not, travel through a bad Indian country without a military escort, and who cannot keep his own handful of Indians at home, as they have frequently left his reservation and committed murder and robbery. Then, it has been a sort of asylum for Indian robbers of this section, and would always continue such, even with Dr. Tonner in charge. It sickens us to hear such men talk about controlling Indians; the very men, too, who cannot control themselves. And the Indian Department, what can it do without the Army to back it? Nothing, save squander funds entrusted to its keeping. To prove this, Verde has been a reservation, with a large population, for over a year, yet there are no Indian farms there, no irrigating ditches, no houses for Indians or anybody else; no, nothing, save what Gen. Crook and Indian Agent Williams have strained points to accomplish.

No, Gen. Crook has kept the roads clear of Indians; has ruled all Indians entrusted to his care well and kindly; has forgotten more about Indians than you ever learned, and is just the man the tax-payers of Arizona and the Pacific coast want for the place.

MILITARY NEWS—DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA.

General Crook left for Verde this morning, accompanied by Lient Ross, his A. D. C. They go through to Verde to-day and start early to-morrow morning for San Carlos and Grant.

The news from San Carlos to-day is most favorable. Captain Randall has all the Indian scouts he needs and one hundred more from the Sierra Blanco Reserve who are anxious to assist in the pursuit and punishment of the renegades. The report of the surrender at Camp Apache of three large bands (between 300 and 400) is confirmed. One of the chiefs was Huacilike, a prominent Arayaapa Apache. The others still out are beginning to weaken perceptibly.

Randall, Rice, Babcock, Hamilton and Reilly are in the field, with about 150 Indian scouts to act as trailers. It is very probable they will soon be joined by Schuyler, with a large detachment of cavalry and 100 Verde Indian scouts, and that Gen. Crook will personally superintend operations.

Col. Jones, Inspector General Military Division of the Pacific, will be at San Bernardino on the 10th inst., coming to Prescott.

St. Patrick's Day.—17th of March, is next.

[From Thursday's Daily.]

LETTER FROM MARYVILLE.

MARYVILLE, Arizona, March 2, 1874.

To the Editor of the Arizona Miner:

Three gentlemen from —, came to this place a few days since. They did not consider the desert safe, therefore they "crossed in the night," and arrived at Salt River about daylight. As dawn approached, they espied a huge "animitile" sitting composedly upon the turbulent bosom of the great Salado. These gentlemen being men of moral courage, instantly concluded to capture the aforesaid vanguard; they march up in solid phalanx, and pour into the monster a double shotted broadside. The critter remained as motionless as before; no notice was taken of this murderous assault, which only increased the valor of these determined men. Again they advanced, and shot "flow thick and fast like lightning from a mountain cloud." At this juncture, the moon beamed forth her lambent light and the hideous thing presented a new appearance; our party definitely concluded that the object before them was a whale, or some other huge specimen of the finny tribe. Being desirous to catch and circulate this denizen of the deep, they held their fire. Five, ten, twenty minutes elapsed, and day was upon them; they concluded to view their prize. You can imagine their chagrin upon finding that the object of their wrath was only the Maryville ferry-boat, and that they had, during the *meler*, shot several holes into it. The chimeria, I fear, was superinduced by absorbing too much "tangle-foot," an indulgence in which, you know, has a tendency to steal away the mind.

The cyclopean minions of Cashie recently made a descent upon the corral of Mr. Stiles, and stole therefrom eighteen head of cattle, some of which made their escape and returned. The next night, the imp of his Satanic majesty came back for more booty, but returned empty-handed. Cannot Howard and Colyer return to Arizona and take care of their proteges by again binding hand and foot, the only man who can, or will, take the crooks out of the thieving, detestable, loathsome, murderous Apaches? We hope the time will soon come when the place that knows these red devils will know them no more. This wish is not confined to the yellow-bellies of Arizona, but extends to the galvanizing gentry who sympathize with them in their bloody career. If the puling scoundrels who raise their hands in religious horror, whenever they hear of Gen. Crook, or any of his brave subalterns, dealing death to the enemies of our favored land, could be brought into contact with these "hair-lifting" brutes, I think that it would be my cow and your ox, etc.

This so-called sympathy is only from the pocket; not from the heart. Such men have no hearts. A man can stand idly by and see his fellow creatures slaughtered, without provocation, and declare the murderers guiltless, and possess a heart? I answer, no. But, to the contrary, such bipeds are blotches and gangrenes upon society, deserving to be hanged. I entertain no ill-will for those who may differ with me in opinion, but I do believe that the man who thinks an Indian is excusable for his misdeeds is either a fool or a knave. Were it not for the fiendish Apaches, Arizona would to-day be the foremost division of our "Uncle's" domain; possessing, as she does, the finest agricultural and grazing lands on the Pacific slope, she can sustain and make wealthy a greater population than any other State or Territory in the Union, of equal area.

The mineral resources of Arizona are vastly greater than those of California or Nevada, in their palmy days. The only thing required to develop this mine of hidden wealth is capital, and in order to induce men of means to come and invest their surplus cash in our mines and lands, it is necessary for us to do one of two things—compel Government to settle the Indian question, or take the matter into our own hands. Our hardy frontiersmen know the kind of peace policy best adapted to their wants; they support the MINER in the belief that there are no "good Indians," save dead ones. This is my idea to a T. There; I have committed myself. This is what I first intended to do. I expect some of my Atlantic brethren will call me blood-thirsty, but such is not the case. Allow me to say to them, if they disagree with me, please come and settle among us and learn for yourselves that Indians are fiends incarnate. Come on, gentlemen, we have plenty of room, and will give you a warm welcome; we will do even more, should you need it we will divide our substance with you, even to the last penny.

Since writing the foregoing, Messrs. Clark, Welsh, Weston, Reilly and King have arrived from Florence. Mr. Clark informs me that the Apaches have stolen from B. W. Reagan four mules and one horse, and that they had "lifted" from the Pimas thirty or forty head of stock. He further states that himself and party crossed a fresh trail, made last night, leading from the Tempe settlement, of ten or twelve head of cattle followed by five Indians, who were making for Superstition Mountain. This trail crossed the road leading to Florence, twelve or thirteen miles south of this place.

Salt river, at this point, raised eighteen inches during the past twenty-four hours. Thirteen persons and a number of animals were ferried across the river by Mr. Whitlow, to-day.

SAN CARLOS APACHES.—We do hope that Gen. Crook will hurry to the front and direct operations against the late boarders of the San Carlos reservation, who appear to have bluffed one or two small commands down there. It will never do to let them get away with a third bluff, and we can already count two. But, the General is hurrying and will, (should no accident befall him) very soon cause the villains to play another kind of game. A little of his strategy is equal to a regiment of troops.

St. Patrick's Day.—17th of March, is next.

TELEGRAPHIC.

Special Dispatches to the Arizona Miner, By Western Union and U. S. Military Lines.

Foreign and Domestic.

San Diego, March 4.—The Steamer Orizaba arrived from San Francisco this morning, bringing, among 58 other passengers, Colonel Sprague and Mr. Ingalls, Lieut. Woodson, wife and child, en route to Camp Grant. Major Furey and family and Mr. Stephenson, en route to Newport, R. I., arrived here in an ambulance from Tucson yesterday, and leave to-day for Orizaba.

The Union's Washington letter, published this morning, says Gen. Crook is endeavoring to make the Apaches on reservations in Arizona self-sustaining as nearly as possible, and strongly recommends assistance to carry on improvements at the Verde reservation.

Commissioner Smith has received the following dispatch on the subject:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF ARIZONA, PRESCOTT, A. T., Feb. 18, 1874.
Hon. E. P. Smith, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.—It will take \$24,000 to eventually complete the ditch at Verde, but \$5,000, if the work is commenced at once, will complete the ditches sufficiently to irrigate all the land the Indians can cultivate the coming year. When these Indians raise their own supplies, it will be an annual saving to the Government of over \$30,000. (Signed.) G. O. Crook, Brigadier-General.

Washington, March 4.—A proposition for the appointment of a scientific commission to examine the feasibility of the redemption of the Colorado desert from sterility, embracing reconnaissance of the country from the Gulf of California to Death Valley, was reported back to the Senate with amendments. The project is backed by Senator Jones of Nevada. Reports from engineers recently surveying the Colorado desert have reached the city with full, interesting facts concerning that region, and the project of converting the basin of the desert into lakes. No bill has yet been introduced.

New Orleans, March 4.—The chamber of commerce of New Orleans, has adopted a memorial to Congress concerning the Texas and Pacific railway, recommending the co-operation of the Federal Government in carrying forward that great national work. The memorial represents that the speedy construction of a southern railroad to the Pacific is necessary for the development of the national interests, and urges Congress to grant the assistance asked in that behalf.

Sacramento, March 4.—The Assembly, to-day, after some discussion, passed as amended by the Senate, the bill granting right of way to the Texas and Pacific railroad over tide lands in the Bay of San Diego.

A petition was read in the Assembly to-day, from the merchants and business men of San Francisco, asking aid for completing the line of railroad as the only true means for protecting the people from the evils of transportation by monopolies.

Chicago, March 4.—The freight agents of the Union and Central Pacific and Chicago railroads have agreed to pro rata freight charges, dividing receipts according to length of their roads.

The following tariff agreed upon between Chicago and San Francisco: class 1, 3.50, class two, 3, class three, 2.75, class four, 2.50, class A, 2.25, class B, 2.00, class C, 1.80, class D, 1.60. The rates previous to the misunderstanding, were as follows: Class one, 4.00, class two, 3.00, class three, 2.50, class four, 2.00, class A, 1.80, class B, 1.70, class C, 1.60, class D, 1.50.

The Tribune says these roads will now make great effort to break down the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, for this reason they have to carry freights at exceedingly low rates.

Elder Knapp, a well-known revivalist, died at Rockford to-day, aged 74.

San Francisco, March 4.—The weather continues cold and stormy on the Sierra Nevada. It is one of the most wintry winters ever experienced in California. Trains passing the mountains are seriously delayed by snow, although the Central Pacific Company is making enormous exertions to keep the road open. The outlay of money in keeping the track clear with snow plows, and for keeping snow sheds in repair, will be very great. Over five hundred men are employed on the mountains.

A dispatch from Seattle, says that bark Chris. Mitchell, from San Francisco to Port Madison, went ashore off Duquennes. Ship a total loss. All drowned.

Loze Walk, a Kiowa chief, is preparing to enter Texas to avenge the death of his son, killed in a fight with Lt. Newson on the Neuces.

San Diego, March 3.—Heavy cold rain falling.

Gold in New York 112½. Greenbacks in San Francisco, 89 and 89½.

Capt Geo. F. Price started, per steamer Orizaba, for San Francisco yesterday.

LATEST.

Washington, March 5.—The House Military Committee have finally agreed to report a bill cutting off eight regiments, thus reducing the army to twenty-five thousand men. The Committee are determined to press the bill vigorously, though doubtful of success.

A large number of prominent San Franciscans have addressed a petition to President Grant asking that N. B. Stone be retained as postmaster.

The complete expected success of the military telegraph in Arizona Territory makes it almost certain that the bill providing for the construction of a military telegraph in Texas will pass. The line proposed is 1270 miles in length.

All employees of the Lehigh Valley railroad on this end of the route, except engineers, struck this morning for return to wages paid prior to the panic. All trains except mail cars are stopped.

New York, March 5.—Miss Emily Noyes, the actress, died, to-day, of hydrophobia, having been bit by a pet poodle dog about a year ago.

Great anxiety is expressed for the safety of the steamer Gruff Bismarck, which left Bremen for this port three weeks ago via Southampton where she took on a cargo and passengers, and left there on the 15th of February, and has not since been heard from.

While all intelligent Arizonians hope that Congress will enable Col. Scott to build a southern Pacific railroad, many of them fear that Congress will not grant such aid and concessions as he demands.

The King of the Cannibal Islands is dead. His Queen wishes to step into his boots.

A fellow named Day, who claims to have been with Vasquez, is under arrest in California. Prove this, Californians, and let his daylight out.

PRESCOTT.

WHAT LIVE MEN CAN DO.

Peace With the Apaches.

TELEGRAPH LINES.

"RESULTANT!"

A DAILY PAPER.

CHEAP GOODS.

IN PRESCOTT.

RAILROADS COMING, TOO.

BASHFORD'S STORE.

ALREADY HERE.

ORIENTAL.

Restaurant, Bakery and Saloon.

Next door to the Miner Office.

FRESH BREAD, PIES, CAKES, GOOD BOARD.

Furnished by the Week, Day, or Meal, at the following prices:

Per Week.....Ten dollars, currency.
Single Meals.....Seventy-five cents.

Good Lager, Beer, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, kept constantly on hand, for the accommodation of customers.

JOHN STEMMER, Proprietor.
Prescott, April 10, 1873.

ARIZONA BREWERY.

Having purchased and refitted the above old well known stand, we are now ready to furnish the public with

Excellent Lager Beer,

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
We have also a new stock of

Imported Wines, Liquors, and Cigars.

And respectfully solicit your patronage.
ROSENBERG & CO.
Prescott, Arizona, January 13, 1873.

NIFTY SALOON.

AT THE "NIFTY," ON MONTEZUMA ST.
THE THIRSTY CAN

GET GOOD WHISKEY,

RUM, GIN, BRANDY, KUMMEL,
SWEET OR SOUR WINES,
And Tolerable Water. Drop In.

Tilton's Steam Washer,

WOMAN'S FRIEND.

JUNIOR H. EDDOKS, of Prescott, has the right to manufacture and sell these machines, and he will be pleased to give further information concerning them. The price of a machine here will not fall for short of \$25. This owing to the fact that the bottoms of these now made are of copper.

One of these washers can be seen at the store of N. C. Rogers, South Western Street.
Prescott, A. T., September 6, 1872.

LUMBER, LUMBER.

ALL KINDS OF BUILDING LUMBER KEPT constantly on hand at the Quartz Mountain Saw-Mill, five miles south of Prescott.

All orders are through the post office will be promptly attended to. Terms cash on delivery or by the mill.

Prescott, A. T., September 6, 1872.

LARGE, NEW, COMPLETE

WAGON AND BLACKSMITH SHOPS,

Gurley Street, Fronting on Granite.
Prescott, Arizona.

All kinds of Blacksmithing, Wagon-making and repairing done in good style by
Feb 15/74
FRED. G. BRECHT.

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT

Groceries, Provisions,

MINERS', FARMERS'

No. 18 South Montezuma St.,

(Opposite Don Hart's Restaurant.)
Being constantly in receipt of fresh arrivals, we stock goods on hand.